



Dear Sir,

Yours of the 11th inst.

has been received.

I am,

Very respectfully,
Yours,

Edw. M. Jackson

Chas. W. Jackson

1871

Wm. B. Smith

Dear Sir

I am in a great deal of haste

and do not know how to write

to you

Yours

James

Esq.

John to Mary Brown

"HERO OF TIPPECANOE;"

OR THE

STORY OF THE LIFE OF
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.



RELATED BY CAPTAIN MILLER TO HIS BOYS.

NEW-YORK:
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DEDICATION.

To the youthful PATRIOTS and rising STATESMEN of the United States.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS—

This volume was prepared for you, and to you it is dedicated.

The subject is a noble one. Whether in the present instance, justice has been done to it or not, you must decide. It tells of a hero. Not of one like Napoleon, or Cæsar, or Alexander—those proud oppressors of mankind, who rose and flourished at the expense of the happiness of millions—but of a *republican* hero—plain, unostentatious, and benevolent—of a *patriot* whose delight has been to serve his country, and contribute to the protection and comfort of the defenceless inhabitants of our frontier. It tells of one, who, forsaking the scenes of his

youth, and the pleasures of society, went forth into our western wilds—and amid toils, privations, and sufferings, raised himself to honor and influence by his own personal efforts. He entered the army. He fought with savages. He drove them from the unprotected and defenceless habitation of the widow. He established peace: and now, where only a few years since the warwhoop carried consternation, there our fellow-citizens dwell in safety; and where were the habitations of cruelty, there are seen the temples of the Living God.

It tells us of a hero, who, having achieved the security and independence of the west, returned, like Washington at an earlier day, to private life—to the cultivation of a farm—to the quiet and unostentatious residence of a “*log cabin*,” more honorable than the gorgeous palaces of the eastern world.

Such men are an honor to our country. We have had many such, to whom the people of the United States could “look up in times of danger”—who guided our councils—who led our armies—who achieved our independence.

But they are nearly all gone. A few noble stocks remain. Let us do them honor. Let us show them gratitude. Let us employ their wisdom and expe-

rience in times of difficulty and trial. Let them not descend to the grave, feeling that because gray locks encircle their brow, they are no longer useful—or, that the counsels of the young are better than the advice of the old.

We need such men to aid us in times of perplexity. And such times we see. Our country suffers. Business is suspended. Confidence is gone. Whom shall we call to the rescue? Where find the man, around whom we can rally with confidence? One who will make no effort to aggrandize himself, but attempt to restore the waning fortunes of the land—who will be the friend of the poor—who will bring back the prosperity of former days, when children did not cry for bread, and there was no lack of the means of their education? Where shall we find such a man?—Where?

Let me point him out. It is the “Hero of Tippecanoe”—the “Farmer of North Bend”—**WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON**—he is the man.

Am I wrong in addressing *you* thus? You have indeed no vote. I know it. And I do not expect that you can decide the question, whether he shall be president of the United States.

But you can read his history—you can become

acquainted with the principles which guided the generation to which he belongs—principles which, had they not been forsaken, our country would never have seen her present days of gloom—principles to which our rulers must return before that gloom, like a cloud, shall go up and roll away.

Before *you* come to act, these men will have gone to their grave—but I hope that you will adopt their principles, and catch so much of their spirit, that, when in place of your fathers, you stand up to vote, you will place men in authority, who will be “a terror to evil-doers, and the praise of them that do well.”

Respectfully,

Your well-wisher,

THE AUTHOR.

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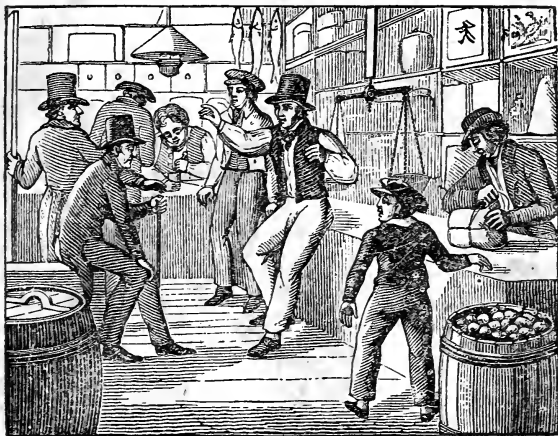
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THE HERO OF TIPPECANOE.



Jose Miller hears of the General in a grocery store.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein Jose Miller meets with an adventure which lays the foundation of the present volume.

“The Hero of Tippecanoe!”—“The Hero of Tippecanoe!”—The words still rang in the ears of little Jose Miller, as he returned towards home from a grocery, where he had been to purchase a few pounds

of sugar for his mother.—“ I wonder who this Hero of Tippecanoe can be ?”

While standing at the counter, waiting for the clerk to put up the article he wished, his attention had been drawn to a somewhat spirited, but by no means angry, conversation between several men of the village, as to the merits of this said “ Hero.” He was not present when the conversation was begun. One said he was a good soldier ; another that he was a famous general ; and so they went round, talking of the battles he had fought—of the Indians he had taken ; and, finally, some half-dozen declared, that they almost knew he would be *President of the United States*.

“ I’ll venture a mug of ale on that !” said a surly looking man, stepping forward, and addressing himself to one of the individuals in the circle.

“ I never bet,” said the man ; “ it is against my principles ; but if I were going to bet, it wouldn’t be *ale*, but a little ‘ *hard cider*’ ”—with a peculiar emphasis on the two last words : “ but I don’t bet.”

“ Well, well,” said the man, “ let that pass ; but he won’t be president, this year, nor next—”

“ I don’t know about *next* year ; but I rather *guess*

on the 4th of March, 1841, his '*Log Cabin*' will be exchanged for the '*White House*.'"

"Never—never," said the man, with some warmth; "he'll never see the inside of that house, unless he dines with Martin Van Buren—"

"So you think?"

"Yes, so I think—so I—"

He was going to say, "so I *know*;" but, like a wise man, he checked himself and said, "*believe*."

Jose was an attentive listener to the conversation, during which he had tried hard to learn who this "Hero of Tippecanoe" was. He knew that it did not mean Mr. Van Buren. He never heard *him* called a hero; and he concluded they did not mean General Jackson, for he was called the "Hero of New Orleans." Whom did they mean? That was more than he could tell. The name sounded musical, and even heroic, and he waited quite impatiently to learn who the hero was.

But something whispered, or seemed to whisper, in Jose's ear, that he must not stay any longer, even to gratify a laudable curiosity. His mother had taught him—and certainly it is a good lesson for all little boys to learn and practise—to do an errand, and return as quick as possible.

Accordingly, although the conversation was still going on, Jose retreated towards the door, but rather slowly ; and, even when his fingers were on the latch, he was half inclined to step back, and ask a man in the circle whom he knew, about whom they were talking ; but a commendable modesty kept him back. His curiosity, however, had been too much excited to remain long quiet ; and, determining to gratify it in another place, he opened the door, and directed his step homeward.

Jose, my readers must know, was quite young ; and, while most lads of his age might, perhaps, have answered the question, it was out of his power. And a good reason existed for his ignorance. He had recently returned home, from having lived with a maiden aunt, where the subject of politics was as little likely to be discussed, as who would be the next king of England or France. - Jose was not aware that a new presidential election was drawing near, nor that the conversation to which he had listened was turning upon the merits of the several candidates for that office before the public. But Jose had a good memory, from which a name so charming to his ear was not likely to escape, or if there was any real danger in the case, his frequent repetition of it,

as he sauntered along, was sufficient to keep it alive. Indeed, had there been any passers by, it is quite probable they would have heard him humming a kind of tune:—"The Hero—the Hero—the Hero of Tip—the Hero of Tippecanoe!—Tippecanoe!"

Soon after turning a corner in sight of his father's, he descried at some distance before him a school-fellow, by the name of Jimmy Goodspeed.

"Jimmy—Jimmy—Jimmy Goodspeed!" holloed Jose—"stop!"

"What do you want, Jose?"

"Wait, and I'll tell you."

"Well, make haste. If your legs were as long again, you'd walk a little faster when a fellow is waiting for you."

"I'm almost out of breath now," said Jose, as he came up, his face glowing with animation.

"Well, what's your wish, Jose?—shall I help you carry your bundle?"

"Oh, no," said Jose, "I can carry that. What I want is, to know whether you ever heard of—*there*, now, you've almost made me forget what I was going to say. Have you ever heard of—of—oh, I know now—of 'The Hero of Tippecanoe?'"

"Heard of him?—ha, ha, ha! Why, child, more

times than you ever eat supper in all your life. But he's no great things."

"But who is he?" said Jose, "that was my question. They don't mean General Jackson, do they?"

"Take care, Jose—my friend, Jose, take care how you talk about General Jackson. I'm a true Jackson man—do you know that?"

"I didn't mean any harm, Jimmy; but I heard some men up at Peter Crowfoot's store talking rather loud and fast about the 'Hero of Tippecanoe,' and I thought you could tell me."

"Well, I suppose I could, but I don't want to talk about him;—besides, you are too young to talk politics, Jose."

The lads here separated, Jose having arrived at his father's. Jimmy had still further to go, and bidding his little friend good-morning, said—

"'Log cabin and hard cider' won't be president this year, nor next—mark my word, Joe."

Jose tried to laugh, but as he didn't understand what was meant, he made a poor figure of it; but as the gate swung to, he said—"Well, Jimmy, you'll not find me so ignorant next time we meet. Father, I guess, knows all about the matter."

Jimmy plodded on. He was the son of a true

Jacksonian, and of course felt and talked just as his father did. He tried to believe that Mr. Van Buren would be elected president again, because his father tried to believe so ; but he had heard his father say there began to be some doubt. Strange alterations were taking place. Matters didn't work well. The times were hard. Jimmy's father didn't get as much work as he had done ; and when he did, not much more than half as much in price, and very little money. Jimmy fell into quite a serious train of reflection, after leaving Jose ; and I believe, before he reached the place to which he was going, a coup-let, which he had either seen, or himself manufactured, was occupying his thoughts. I do not know that he sung it, but quite likely he did ; for who does not begin to sing something like it ?—

Tippy, old Tippy, I very much fear,
You'll take the *Great Chair* the very next year.



Captain Miller conversing with his family. ,

CHAPTER II.

Some explanations; in making which, certain new actors appear on the stage. Jose learns who the "Hero of Tippecanoe" is.

It is quite time to introduce our readers to the family of Captain Miller, the father of our friend Jose. But a few words will suffice to give such details of his history, as are important to our purpose.

Captain Miller I shall suppose to have been an officer of the army, during a considerable part of Mr. Madison's war. He served with great reputation—was in several battles at the West, and was most enthusiastically attached, as most of the officers of the northwestern army were, to their brave commander, **GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.**

At the close of the war, he returned to his native state ; and, after living some years a bachelor, married the daughter of a military officer, who was considerably his senior in the army, and settled in the village of —.

He had several sons. His eldest he named *William Henry Harrison*, after his admired general, with whom he had an intimate and honorable acquaintance. In respect to the name of his second son, we must premise an explanation. Being himself a military man, it was natural that, like most of the military men of the country, he should have been attached to the cause of General Jackson. As a military hero, there was much to admire in the general's character. But he was thought by some to be arbitrary, and in some cases cruel. Still, he was bold and successful. At New Orleans, he had achieved a victory which established his reputation.

Captain Miller was among the number who thought that he would shine in the cabinet as he had done in the field ; and, besides, in common with others, he felt a sort of gratitude to a man, who had long perilled his life and happiness among savages, for his country. He supported him, therefore, for the presidency, and, like a good many others, on the birth of his second son, he named him *Andrew Jackson*, after the general, who had at the time just entered upon his office as president. His third son bore the name of *Thomas* ; and his fourth and last, the hero of the adventure related in the first chapter, *Joseph*—or, as he was more commonly called, *Jose*. The two latter were family names : the one, that of an only brother of the captain, and the other, that of a brother of his wife. Mrs. Miller was a woman of strong good sense, quite domestic, but not unconcerned in all that interested her husband and his fortunes ; and, being the daughter of a patriot, she had early learned to love and desire the welfare of her country.

But Captain Miller, like thousands of others, was deceived in the ability of General Jackson to wield successfully the destinies of America. He knew his reputation as a military man, and he fondly imagined that he would be equally successful as president of

the United States ; but he was sadly disappointed. He watched the progress of his administration, and was grieved to find that within a few years the country, which was so prosperous, became so embarrassed and disturbed. But, like others, he had enlisted himself—it was known that he was one of the Jackson party—he had talked, written, and acted, for and with that party. When, in 1837, General Jackson intimated his intention to retire, and General Harrison was brought out as a candidate, Captain Miller had quite a struggle in his own feelings what to do. He preferred his old friend, General Harrison ; but then he belonged to the Jackson party, and his circumstances did not then seem to admit of his enlisting even for an old friend. So he voted for Mr. Van Buren. But he soon saw his error, and most heartily repented. Mr. Van Buren's measures, he became satisfied, were still worse than those of General Jackson.

The change which thus came over Captain Miller, he was not slow to avow ; and, as the time approaches for the election of a new president, Captain Miller says, "I can go no longer for Mr. Van Buren, nor for any administration whose principles and measures are like his."

I have heard him sit down and talk after this manner :

“If I had a ship which always made long and unprofitable voyages, which brought me in debt, instead of adding to my gains, I should be quite likely to inquire into the matter. Why does this ship do so poorly, when others do so well in the same trade? Is she a bad ship? are her sails poor? is her rudder too small? or what is the matter? Perhaps her *captain* is in fault. But he had a high reputation when I first employed him. Almost every one said he would do well—he made fair promises—and really appeared to be honest and well-meaning. But then *the ship doesn't work well*. And yet she was projected and built by the very first mechanics, and has been examined by them repeatedly, and they say the reason why she makes poor voyages is not that the ship is in fault; she has made good voyages, and would make them again, if she had a *more competent captain*.

“Now,” said Captain Miller, “in such a case, what should I be likely to do? Why, notwithstanding the *reputation* of my captain, I should be quite likely to *change him* for another. I might think him *honest* and *well-disposed*; but still I should say, I cannot

afford to *lose* every thing to *gratify* him, or keep him in a *good berth*. *I will try another captain, and see whether the old ship won't do better."*

So Captain Miller reasons; and not a few of his neighbors, who value his opinions because they think him a wise and good man, have adopted them, and say the ship must have a new captain. The right ropes are not pulled. The right course is not pursued. One voyage under General Jackson proved a bad one, and so has that under Mr. Van Buren. Even if they are honest and well-disposed, they are not capable. The ship goes wrong. We must try another captain.

At the time our friend Jose arrived from the grocery, the tea was ready and waiting. Captain Miller, who was reading a newspaper which had just arrived, though deeply interested in the views it contained, laid it aside, and the family were soon engaged in taking their tea.

Jose was in his usual place, and for once seemed to be quite absorbed in his own thoughts, until Captain Miller remarked to his wife that really the "old Hero's" prospects of success were brightening every day.

At the mention of the "old hero," Jose seemed

to wake up as from a dream. "Father," said he, "I heard some men up at the store talking about the 'Hero of Tippecanoe.' Pray, who is he? I never heard of such a hero."

"Why, my son—never heard of your father's old general!—but you are a small boy. You have heard of the 'Hero of New Orleans?'"

"Yes, sir," said Jose; "brother Andrew was named after him, but I don't think Andrew much of a hero."

"Your opinion, Jose, settles that point, I suppose you think," said Andrew; "but I shall stick to the 'Hero of New Orleans' a little longer, I believe."

"I should think you would like to change your name," said Thomas, "so much is said against General Jackson now-a-days."

"No—not I. I wish I were half as brave as the old general is."

"Names are but of small importance, my children," said Mrs. Miller; "it is far more important to be wise and good."

"But, father," said Jose, who had stopped eating, "you've not told me who the 'Hero of Tippecanoe' is. I asked Jimmy Goodspeed, but—"

"Well, and what did Jimmy say?"

"Why, he said he knew, but he did not like to talk about him."

Captain Miller smiled. "There are many," said he, "who feel very much as Jimmy does. They do not like to read, hear, or talk about him. But you wish to know who he is: let me introduce you to him across the table, *Master William Henry Harrison.*"

"William! What, William, are you the 'Hero of Tippecanoe?'" said Jose.

"Don't you think I am?—don't I look like a hero?"

"You would look, I think, a little more like one," said Jose, "if you sat up a little straighter."

"Why, Jose, you seem to be quite sharp this evening," said William. "I'll try to be a hero, then. There! what do you say now?"

"I am glad master Jose has such a correct idea of a hero," said Mrs. Miller—"straight in body; but it is equally essential to the *true* hero, that he should be *straight*, or *upright*, in mind."

"Well, let us now answer Jose's inquiry," said Captain Miller. "The 'Hero of Tippecanoe' is *William Henry Harrison*, a famous general, who lives in Ohio, and who commanded the northwestern army during the late war with England."

"Was William named after him?" said Jose.

"Yes, my son. I served under General Harrison during a considerable part of the war. He is a good man. I knew him well, and I wish all the American people knew him as well as I do. There would then be little doubt of his election."

"Some men up at the store," interrupted Jose, "said he is going to be president; but one man, who appeared almost angry, declared he never would be."

"He meant, he hoped he wouldn't be. There are many who hope so, but more, I suspect, who hope he will be. A great change is taking place. I read a fine song this evening in the paper, entitled 'Old Tip.' Here it is. The last verse runs thus—

'The people are coming, from plain and from mountain,
To join the brave band of the honest and free,
Which grows, as the stream from the leaf-sheltered fountain,
Spreads broad and more broad till it reaches the sea;
No strength can restrain it, no force can retain it,
Whate'er may resist, it breaks gallantly through,
And borne by its motion as a ship on the ocean,
Speeds on in his glory old Tippecanoe.
The iron-hearted soldier, the true-hearted soldier,
The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe.'

"They are 'coming'—'the people'—the 'people

from plain and from mountain,'” said Captain Miller. “There is no stopping the progress of this enthusiasm. It rolls on, and, for aught I know, it will roll. General Harrison will, I think, take possession of the ‘*White House*’ March 4, 1841.”

“You will be the first to go and congratulate him, I conclude,” said Andrew, rather significantly, “you like him so much, father.”

“I do like him, my son,” replied Captain Miller, “and I have great reason for my regard.”

“You *once* thought highly of *Andrew Jackson*.”

“*Andrew Jackson Miller* I love now, and trust I shall ever have reason to love him. I did once regard *General Andrew Jackson* with much favor, but as president of the United States he has disappointed me.”

“Father, when you go to see President Harrison, may I go too?” inquired Jose.

“It will be time enough to decide that question when he is elected.”

“But you said, you believe he will be elected.”

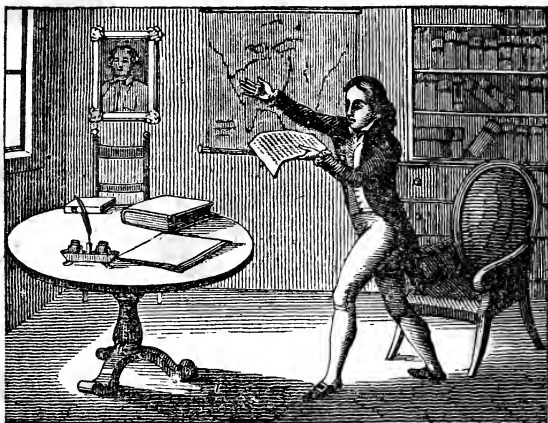
“I do, my son—I hope he will—I believe he will. He is an able and a good man, and has done much for his country. He deserves well of it.”

“Father,” said Thomas, “I was just going to ask

you to tell us something about his life. You must know a good deal about him."

"So do," said Jose; "I love to hear stories."

"There are many interesting incidents in the life of General Harrison," said Captain Miller. "It will give me pleasure to relate them. After the table is removed, and I have written a letter, I will at least make a beginning."



Young Harrison reading the commission of ensign from Gen. Washington.

CHAPTER III.

Conversation at Captain Miller's about the "Hero of Tippecanoe," during which, the captain talks more than all the rest.

WE left Captain Miller and his family still at the tea-table, making arrangements for spending the evening in reciting and listening to some recollections of the "old Hero!" Which of the group

was the more pleased with the proposal, the father or the sons, I cannot undertake to say ; but there was more than ordinary despatch that evening in writing the letter to which the former alluded at the table as necessary to be done ; and nearly as soon as Mrs. Miller had adjusted the sitting-room for the evening, the several parties made their appearance. A table was occupying the centre of the room, around which they took their seats, and on which Captain Miller laid several papers, which he said he might need by way of illustration in the progress of his remarks.

“This is a happy hour,” said the captain, as he drew a chair to the table. “I love to know that my sons are fond of hearing about the history of their country, and of the men who have fought her battles, and have figured in her councils. We have had many great men—noble men—patriots—who sacrificed ease, health, fortune, and life, for their country. But they are passing away. Almost all who braved the storms of the revolution are already gone. But

Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre ; green sods
Are all their monument—and yet it tells
A nobler history than pillar'd pile,
Or the eternal pyramid. They need

No statue, nor inscription to reveal
Their greatness.'

"I delight to converse with them, even if they are gone, or going—to dwell upon their exalted patriotism—their firmness in the day of peril—their adherence to principle, at the hazard of their lives—their faith and steadfastness, when shipwreck and ruin stared them in the face—their fortitude under privation and suffering—their magnanimity and sympathy in the day of victory and triumph. I hope, my sons, you will read their history, and I am sure you will venerate and love them. Imitate their virtues, their patriotism, their piety, and I shall feel proud of my sons."

"Father," said Jose, "I thought you were going to tell about General Harrison—"

"Don't be so fast, Jose," said William; "I'm sure I should like to hear father talk thus all night."

"You do me great honor, my son," said Captain Miller. "On such a theme I scarcely know when to stop. But it is time, I believe, to gratify Jose."

"William Henry Harrison is a native of Virginia. His birthplace is Berkley, a town or village situated on the banks of James River, about twenty-five

miles below Richmond, and forty miles above Jamestown.

"At this place William Henry Harrison was born, February 9th, 1773."

"He is quite an old man," said Andrew—"as old, I guess, as my namesake; and no one would think of so old a man for president as General Jackson is now."

"You mistake, my son," said Captain Miller. "General Jackson was born on the 15th of March, 1767. Hence he is six years older than General Harrison."

"William Henry was the third and youngest son of BENJAMIN HARRISON, who was a distinguished man in Virginia, and a member of the celebrated congress of 1774 and 1776."

"My History of the United States says he was one who *signed the Declaration of Independence*," said Thomas.

"I am glad you so well recollect your history," said Captain Miller. "That was a noble body of men, and as long as America lasts, their boldness in signing and publishing that Declaration will be remembered with patriotism."

"Father," observed William, "you speak of

boldness, I don't see what great courage was needed."

"It is because of your ignorance, my son. The Declaration of Independence was one of the boldest acts of the revolution. Napoleon never took a bolder step. There were thirteen colonies; but they were feeble—with less than three millions of people—no veteran army—no navy—no arsenals but barns—no munitions of war—scarcely a fortification—no public treasury—no power to lay a tax—and no credit upon which to obtain a loan.

"Was there nothing bold in such a people rising up against England, and saying they were free, and would be free and independent? England was the mistress of the world—her armies were numerous—her soldiers veterans—her navy unrivalled—her statesmen subtle and sagacious—her generals skilful and practised.

"All this the congress of '76 well knew. And they knew that if they published that Declaration and any one of them should be taken by the English, he would be hung. And this was quite likely to come to pass. It was a solemn time, therefore, with them—and a solemn question, whether they should make such a declaration.

"But the question went round, 'Shall the Declaration be adopted?'—Each rose, and said 'Yes.' William Henry Harrison's father was there, and he said 'Yes.' The whole fifty-six said 'Yes'—not a solitary 'Nay.' It was a great occasion. In due time, after the question was taken, the Declaration was written neatly and fairly on parchment, which was brought in to be signed by the several members.

"*John Hancock* being president, signed his name first. It is remarkable how strong he bore down upon his pen. It seemed as if he meant to say—If this be an act of treason, it shall be treason indeed. Each one followed him—each wrote his name with the same pen—and that pen is still preserved.

"Benjamin Harrison, the father of William Henry, was among the number; and there his name will stand, and the names of his patriotic associates, as long as America lasts, a noble monument of their *courage, patriotism, and fidelity*.

"I do not mean to intimate, my children," continued Captain Miller, "that any one has a claim to office because his ancestors were great and honorable, or because they performed eminent service to their country. But a virtuous, high-minded, and

useful ancestry, is always regarded as honorable. We are so made as to put this estimate upon it ; and he that is so fortunate as to have such ancestors, should feel his responsibility to imitate their virtues. It is a powerful motive to pattern after them ; and the instances are not few in the country, where sons, much to their honor, have followed in the footsteps of their illustrious sires. William Henry Harrison is a fine example.

“I shall only add in respect to his father, that he afterwards held several distinguished offices in Virginia, and among them that of governor. At length he died, 1791, leaving behind him the reputation of a devoted patriot, an able counsellor, and a useful man.

“Many of the patriots of the revolution died comparatively poor. They had no opportunity to acquire wealth, as their time, talents, and services were devoted to a country too poor to remunerate them. The little fortunes which they had acquired, were expended for their families while they were busy in the councils, and not a few of them were obliged to advance funds to aid in carrying forward the measures which their wisdom and patriotism decided to be necessary. Governor Harrison was

among the number. He left his children little more than his example, and the good-will of his contemporary patriots.

“William Henry was at this time in the college of Hampden Sidney, pursuing his studies, preparatory to the study of medicine. As he was under age when his father died, Robert Morris, another distinguished man, consented to act as his guardian.

“Just about this time the country became greatly alarmed, in consequence of the ravages of Indians on the northwestern frontier. These tribes embraced the Miamies, Hurons, Delawares, Chippewas, and several others. They were powerful and warlike. The country was thinly inhabited. Families were exposed to their deadly hostility; and, in not a few instances, women and children were suddenly assaulted, and either barbarously wounded, or carried into a long and distressing captivity.

“In 1790, General Harmar was appointed to take the field against these Indians. His force was about fifteen hundred men; three hundred and twenty of whom were regular troops—the rest militia.

“On the 30th of September, General Harmar set forth with his troops from Fort Washington—a fort which stood on a spot near which the city of Cin-

cinnati has since been built. His object was to bring the Indians to an engagement, or, if that could not be effected, to destroy their settlements on the waters of the Scioto and Wabash.

“General Harmar had been an officer in the revolutionary war, and great things were expected of him. He succeeded in destroying some villages, and considerable quantities of corn, which the Indians had laid in store for the winter. But on his return, having arrived within eight miles of Chillicothe, he halted, with a view of doing something more for his honor and that of his army.

“From this place he detached three hundred and sixty men, with orders to find the enemy and attack them. This they did. But the engagement was unfortunate for the Americans. A considerable number of Indians were killed, but not less than one hundred of the militia fell during the engagement, among whom were ten officers. The survivors hastily retreated, and having joined the main body, the whole returned to Fort Washington.

“The result of this expedition was severely felt and deeply deplored. General Harmar was removed, and Major-general Arthur St. Clair was appointed to succeed him.

“Washington, at this time being president, was anxious to do all in his power to protect the frontier, and congress having voted him large sums to carry on the war, he ordered General St. Clair to undertake an expedition, in which he was directed to destroy the Indian villages on the Miami, and to expel the savages from the country.

“Troops were enlisted slowly, and not until September had St. Clair such a number as he deemed necessary to enter upon the campaign. On the 3d of November, with fourteen hundred men, he encamped on a commanding ground about fifteen miles south of the Miami village. The militia took a position across a creek, in advance of the regular soldiers.

“The next morning, about half an hour before sunrise, a body of Indians suddenly attacked the militia, who immediately fled across the creek, and rushing in where the regular soldiers were encamped, threw them into confusion. The officers sprung forward, and endeavored to rally their men. The Indians pursued with savage yells. The battle became terrible. The American soldiers poured in their fire, and the cannon spread destruction on

every side—the Indians pressing up to their very mouths.

“At length resort was had to the bayonet; and now, for a short time, the Indians fell back; but they rallied again. The gallant General Butler fell, mortally wounded. But I cannot,” said Captain Miller, “pursue further the details of this disastrous contest. The defeat of the Americans was signal, and the destruction appalling. Thirty-eight commissioned officers were killed on the field, and five hundred and ninety-three non-commissioned officers and privates were slain or missing. Between two and three hundred officers and privates were wounded, many of whom afterwards died.

“But it is time to return to our young friend, William Henry Harrison. He was, as I said, at this time a member of college. The Indian war at the west was engaging the attention of the country. The spirits of many were roused, and young Harrison was among the number. He panted for the field—he longed for an opportunity to distinguish himself; and, at length, he determined to abandon the halls of college, and seek his fortune in the wilds of the west.

“Robert Morris, his guardian, for a time opposed

his design ; but Washington, who had been an intimate friend of his father's, encouraged his youthful genius, and gave him a commission, as ensign, in the First Regiment of United States Artillery, then stationed at Fort Washington, on the Ohio.

“ Ensign Harrison, yet only eighteen years of age, soon departed for the scene of his toils. He was young, ardent, and ambitious. He reached Fort Washington shortly after St. Clair's defeat, and there entered upon that line of services which for a period of nearly forty years he continued ; in all which he sustained a reputation most honorable to himself and useful to his country.

“ I do not design, my children,” said Captain Miller, “ to follow Harrison through the various incidents of his life. They are so many, and so various, and so connected and interwoven with the history of the country, that it would prove tedious to your youthful minds. I will give you, in one view, the outlines of his eventful life, and afterwards notice such particular incidents as may seem most striking and important.”

Here taking a paper from the table, he read as follows :

“William H. Harrison was born in Virginia, on the 9th of February, 1773.

“In 1791, when nineteen years of age, he was appointed by Washington an ensign in our infant army.

“In 1792, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant; and in 1793 he joined the legion under General Wayne, and in a few days thereafter was selected by him as one of his aids.

“On the 24th of August, 1794, he distinguished himself in the battle of the Miami, and elicited the most flattering written approbation of General Wayne.

“In 1795, he was made a captain, and was placed in command of Fort Washington.

“In 1797, he was appointed, by President Adams, secretary of the Northwestern Territory, and *ex-officio*, lieutenant governor.

“In 1798, he was chosen a delegate to congress.

“In 1801, he was appointed governor of Indiana; and in the same year, President Jefferson appointed him sole commissioner for treating with the Indians.

“In 1809, he was reappointed governor of Indiana by Madison.

“On the 6th of November, 1811, he gained the great battle of *Tippecanoe*.

“On the 11th of September, 1812, he was appointed by Madison commander-in-chief of the northwestern army.

“On the 28th of April, 1813, the siege of Fort Meigs commenced—lasted twelve days, and was terminated by the brilliant and successful sortie of General Harrison.

“On the 31st of July, 1813, the battle of Fort Stephenson occurred.

“On the 5th of October, 1813, he gained the splendid victory of the *Thames*, over the British and Indians under Proctor.

“In 1814, he was appointed by Madison one of the commissioners to treat with the Indians; and in the same year, with his colleagues, Governor Shelby and General Cass, concluded his celebrated treaty of Greenville.

“In 1815, he was again appointed such commissioner with General McArthur and Mr. Graham, and negotiated a treaty at Detroit.

“In 1816, he was elected a member of congress.

“In January, 1818, he introduced a resolution in honor of Kosciusko, and supported it in one of the

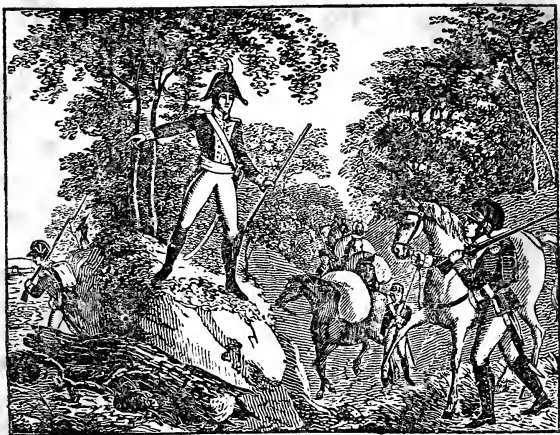
most feeling, classical, and eloquent speeches ever made in the house of representatives.

"In 1819, he was elected a member of the Ohio senate.

"In 1824, he was elected senator in congress, and was appointed in 1825 chairman of the military committee in place of General Jackson, who had resigned.

"In 1827, he was appointed minister to Colombia, and in 1828 wrote his immortal letter to Bolivar, the deliverer of South America."

"We will here conclude our relations to-night," said Captain Miller, "and, if alive and well, will resume to-morrow evening."



Escort of the Packhorses.

CHAPTER IV.

Captain Miller continues his conversation, in which he tells about further troubles with the Indians, and a decisive victory over them.

AT an early hour on the evening following, Captain Miller and his family were again seated round the table. He had become deeply interested in the recollections of former events himself, and there was

no lack of attention on the part of his youthful auditors.

“I told you last evening, my children, that I did not purpose a regular biography of the ‘Hero of Tippecanoe,’—only sketches of some of the most prominent incidents of his life. This will be sufficient for my purpose, and will be more interesting to you.

“He reached Fort Washington, as I stated, soon after the defeat of St. Clair’s army. That defeat was unexpected, and produced great consternation through the country. The depredations of the savages became more furious and ferocious than ever; and tragical scenes were enacted in various places along the frontier, and even in some of the most populous sections of the country.

“I could relate many affecting incidents which occurred, but will content myself with one, which happened somewhere about this time, and which will serve to show the temper of the savages, and the boldness and intrepidity of the frontier inhabitants.

“A dwelling-house, I believe in some part of Kentucky, not far from the borders of the Ohio, was attacked by a party of Indians. The proprietor, Mr. Merrill, was alarmed by the barking of his dog.

On going to the door, he received the fire of the assailants, which broke his right leg and arm. They attempted to enter the house, but were anticipated in their movement by Mrs. Merrill and her daughter, who closed the door in so effectual a manner as to keep them at bay. They next began to hew a passage through the door, and one of the warriors attempted to enter through the aperture; but the resolute mother, seizing an axe, gave him a fatal blow upon the head, and then, with the assistance of her daughter, drew his body in. His companions without, not apprised of his fate, but supposing him successful, followed through the same aperture, and four of the number were thus killed, before their mistake was discovered. They now retired a few moments, but soon returned, and renewed their exertions to force the house.

“Despairing of entering by the door, they climbed upon the roof, and made an effort to descend by the chimney. Mr. Merrill directed his little son to empty the contents of a large feather bed upon the fire, which soon caused so dense a smoke, as nearly to suffocate those who made this desperate attempt, and two of them fell into the fireplace. The moment was critical; the mother and daughter could

not quit their stations at the door ; and the husband, though groaning with his broken leg and arm, rousing every exertion, seized a billet of wood, and with repeated blows despatched the two half-smothered Indians. In the mean time, the mother had repelled a fresh assault upon the door, and severely wounded one of the Indians, who attempted simultaneously to enter there, while the others descended the chimney.

“Such was the character of these savages, near whom some of our people lived, and with whom our army had to contend.

“It is related of Harrison, that at the time he entered the camp he was young, slender, and apparently of a feeble constitution, and that his companions in arms, in *pity* for him, advised him to *resign his commission and go home*. But they did not know the spirit of the youthful warrior. So far from accepting their advice, he sought and soon found an opportunity to evince his energy and capacity. A train of packhorses were to be escorted to Fort Hamilton, on the Miami, a distance of twenty or thirty miles from Fort Washington. The command of this escort was given to Harrison, young as he was. The country was filled with hostile savages ; and hence the undertaking was considered eminently

perilous, requiring great caution and constant watchfulness. The service, however, was so successfully performed, that General St. Clair, who was still in command, expressed his especial approbation of the young ensign, and the manner in which he had discharged his commission.

"The condition of the frontier inhabitants continuing painful and alarming, General St. Clair retired from the command of the army, and was succeeded by General ANTHONY WAYNE. During the revolutionary war this officer had greatly distinguished himself. He was so impetuous as to have acquired the title of *Mad Anthony*; yet few had more discretion and sagacity. The Indians were well acquainted with his reputation, and, it is said, a knowledge of his appointment had a sensible effect on their sports. They gave him the title of *Black Snake*, from the superior cunning they ascribed to him, and even allowed him to be a match for their most distinguished warrior, Blue Jacket, or the Turtle himself.

"It was some time after his appointment, before General Wayne was prepared to enter upon any decisive measures. In April, 1793, he collected his forces at Fort Washington, where Harrison, who

had been raised to a *lieutenancy*, joined him. The spirit, enterprise, and energy of the latter soon attracted the notice of General Wayne, who appointed him one of his aids-de-camp, in which honorable but laborious station he continued during the remainder of the war.

“On the opening of the campaign of 1794, General Wayne prosecuted his measures with great rigor. He was determined that something decisive should be done; but before he proceeded to extremities, he resolved to try the effect of one more proposal of peace. He had in his army a man by the name of Miller, who had long been a captive with some of the tribes, and him he selected for the hazardous enterprise.

“But Miller did not like the scheme. He knew the Indian temper. He was satisfied that they had determined on war, and that even a messenger of peace would be in danger of falling a sacrifice to their vengeance. General Wayne, however, hoping to bring about a peace, persuaded Miller to go; to which, at length, he consented, upon condition that eight Indians, whom they had taken prisoner, should be held as hostages, and that one Indian and a squaw should accompany him.

“With these, Miller left the camp at four o'clock in the afternoon, and, by travelling all night, reached the tents of the hostile chiefs at daybreak the next morning, undiscovered. He immediately displayed his flag, and proclaimed himself ‘a messenger.’ But he was instantly assailed on all sides with a hideous yell, and a call to ‘*kill the runner! kill the spy!*’

“Upon this, he accosted them in their own language. He made known his object, at the same time showing them General Wayne’s letter, in which he assured the chiefs that if they did not send the bearer back to him by the sixteenth of the month, he would at sunset of that day cause every Indian prisoner in his possession to be put to death.

“Miller was closely confined, and a council called by the chiefs. On the fifteenth he was liberated, and furnished with an answer to General Wayne, stating, ‘that if he waited where he was ten days, and then sent Miller for them, they would treat with him; but that if he advanced, they would give him battle.’ The general’s impatience had prevented his waiting the return of the messenger. On the sixteenth, Miller came up with the army on its march, and delivered the answer; to which he added, that ‘from the manner in which the Indians

were dressed and painted, and the constant arrival of parties, it was his opinion they had determined on war, and only wanted time to muster their whole force.'

"This intelligence roused the spirit of the bold and daring General Wayne, and he pressed his march down the Miami. On the 18th he reached the Rapids. On the 19th he halted within a few miles of the enemy. Early the next morning he resumed his march, and about ten o'clock his spies, who were a mile in advance, were fired upon. The army was immediately halted, and separated into two divisions. The battle soon ensued, and a hard fought battle it was. The Indians felt that upon the issue their fate depended. They knew General Wayne's spirit and impetuosity, and they fought accordingly. It was a most sanguinary conflict. The cavalry did great execution with the sabre, cutting the Indians down, until, panic-struck, they fled in confusion.

"The victory was complete for the *Long Knives*, as the Indians called the Americans, on account of their use of the broadsword. General Wayne lost in killed and wounded one hundred and thirty-three. The loss of the Indians was supposed to be much greater.

"In his official account of the engagement, Gen-

eral Wayne mentions with honor his '*faithful and gallant aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Harrison*, as having rendered the most essential service by communicating orders in every direction, and by his conduct and bravery exciting the troops to press for victory.' This was greatly to the honor of young Harrison, and must have been highly gratifying to a youth of his spirit and ambition.

"It is related that on the evening before this battle, the Indians knowing that Wayne and his army were in the neighborhood, it was proposed in council to go forth and attack them that very night. After much deliberation, it was decided to wait till the following day. The chief called *Little Turtle* advised to make no attack at all. But *Blue Jacket* insisted that they should fight. Little Turtle had a better knowledge of Wayne than the other chiefs. He feared the man, and advised to peace. 'We have beaten the enemy,' said he at the council, 'twice, under separate commanders. We cannot expect the same good fortune always to attend us. The Americans are *now* led by a chief who never *sleeps*. The night and the day are alike to him; and during all the time that he has been marching upon our villages, notwithstanding the watchfulness of our

men, we have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. There is something whispers me it would be prudent to listen to his offers of peace.'

"On this he was reproached by one of the chiefs with cowardice, and that ended the conference. Stung to the quick by a reproach which he was conscious he never merited, he would have laid the reviler dead at his feet: but his was not the bravery of the assassin. He took his post in the action, determined to do his duty; and the event proved that he had formed no very erroneous estimate of the character of General Wayne.

"The spirit of the Indians was broken by the above decisive victory, and by the severe losses which they suffered in consequence. Not long after, they offered to enter into negotiations for peace; and *Wayne's war*, as it was called, ended on the 3d of August, 1795, at which time a treaty was made with them at *Greenville*, which was faithfully observed till the battle of Tippecanoe, sixteen years after. About this battle I shall have occasion to tell you hereafter.

"In consequence of Harrison's services during the campaign, and especially his gallant conduct in the final battle, he was promoted to be a *captain*, and,

what was more honorable to him as a military man, he was placed by General Wayne in command of the important post, *Fort Washington*. Wayne had here a full trial of his courage and capacity; and though it would have been pleasant to have had him about his person, he felt it due to Harrison, as a reward of his fidelity, and important to the interests of the country, to give him this command. Well did he merit the reward; and any duty which grew out of his new station, he fulfilled with great prudence and ability.

“Being thus in a measure relieved from the perils and uncertainties of field, or rather forest, services, Harrison made an offer of his hand, which was accepted, to a daughter of John Cleves Symmes, the founder of the Miami settlements, and of the city of Ohio.

“And now,” said Captain Miller, “that we have placed our good friend in a safe and honorable station, and seen him comfortably married, we will take leave of him for the night, hoping to renew our acquaintance with him and his fortunes to-morrow evening.

ing the Northwestern Territory. By this division, what is now the state of Ohio was made a territory by itself, and the remainder of the Northwestern Territory received the name of Indiana. At the close of the session, Harrison was appointed governor of Indiana Territory.

"In this capacity his labors were very arduous, and very responsible. He presided over a vast territory."

"Father," interrupted Andrew, "you say this was a vast territory—did it include more than the present state of Indiana?"

"It was a much larger tract, including not only Indiana, but also what now constitutes the states of Illinois, Michigan, and the territory of Wisconsin."

Captain Miller continued. "Numerous tribes of Indians inhabited it, and it was oftentimes difficult to manage them; but Governor Harrison had had great experience. He was well acquainted with the Indian character. He had seen them—been with them—had always treated them kindly, and had gained their confidence and good-will. They loved and respected him as a father. He often entered into negotiations with them—concluded thirteen important treaties with the different tribes, and obtained for the

United States not less than sixty millions of acres of their lands ; fifty-one millions of which were obtained at one time. The largest tract ever ceded to our government in a single treaty.

“But I will dwell no longer on these details,” said Captain Miller, “but hasten to a more important and interesting event, the *Battle of Tippecanoe*.

“This battle was fought on the 7th of November, 1811.”

“Will you please first tell me, father, where Tippecanoe is situated ?” asked Thomas.

“Tippecanoe is the Indian name of a river in Indiana. It is about one hundred and seventy-six miles long, and joins the river Wabash four hundred and twenty miles from its mouth.”

“I thought,” said Thomas, “it was the name of a town.”

“Not of a town,” said Captain Miller, “but of an Indian encampment, or the residence of a celebrated Indian PROPHET, who, with his equally celebrated brother TECUMSEH, was the instigator of the war. Before the details of this battle, you will like to hear something of these distinguished chiefs, and of their movements which led to it.

TECUMSEH and ELSK-WA-TA-WA, or, as some wri-

ters spell his name, OL-LI-WA-CHI-CA, were twin brothers. It is even said that there were a trio of brothers at the same birth, and that the name of the third was KUM-SHA-KA.

“Tecumseh signifies ‘*The crouching Panther.*’ According to Mr. Schoolcraft, *Elsk-wa-ta-wa* means ‘*A fire that is moved from place to place.*’ But others say, it means ‘*The open door,*’ or ‘*The loud voice,*’ or ‘*Prophet.*’

“Little is known of the early years of these brothers. Their father fell in battle while they were yet mere boys. Tecumseh, it appears, gave striking evidence in his boyhood of the singular spirit which characterized him through life. He was a savage, however, of more principle than most others. He seemed to have a great regard for truth, and never indulged in the excessive use of food or liquor. He early distinguished himself as a warrior, and the love of glory was his ruling passion.

“His brother, the Prophet, was quite a different character—notorious for his cunning, and love of fraud and deception.

“About the year 1804, *Elsk-wa-ta-wa* announced himself as a prophet, and began to preach. By some it is supposed that he and Tecumseh, about this

time, conceived the project of uniting all the western Indians against the United States, and that this plan was confirmed afterwards by the prospect of a war between this country and England.

“If such a project ever existed, the Prophet was the man to carry it forward. He had great art, and his preaching addressed itself powerfully to the Indians. He exhorted the tribes to fight no more with one another—they were brethren. He exhorted them to abandon ardent spirits—to wear skins instead of blankets—in short, to avoid imitating the whites, and to return to the more original manners and customs of their ancestors.

“For a time, the Prophet had little success; but the Indians being very superstitious, and afraid of provoking his curse, they came by degrees to acknowledge his pretensions. His power became great, and was greatly increased by his claim, that the Great Spirit had endowed him with the ability of seeing into the hearts of every one—and consequently he could tell who were friends, and who were foes. Under this pretension, several chiefs whom he suspected were accused, and suffered death by his order.

“I will give you an account of the death of a

celebrated Wyandot chief, known by the English name of *Leather Lips*. He was known to be friendly to the American cause, in opposition to the English. He was sixty-three years of age, and a most exemplary chief. Being suspected, the Prophet despatched an influential chief with four other Indians to kill him. He was found at home, and notified of the sentence which had been passed upon him. He entreated, reasoned, and promised, but all in vain. The messengers set about digging his grave by the side of his wigwam. He now dressed himself in his finest war-clothes, and having refreshed himself with a hasty meal, knelt down on the brink of the grave. His executioner knelt with him, and offered up a prayer to the Great Spirit in his behalf. A young Indian then approached him and struck him twice with a tomahawk; but, finding that he still breathed, a third blow was given, which terminated his life. The office of burial was soon performed.

“Such was the power of this Prophet over the lives of others—and it may be added as further proof of his astonishing influence, that one of the executioners of the Wyandot chief was a *brother*.

“During the year 1807, reports came to the ears of General Harrison respecting the movements of

the Indians, and especially those of the Prophet. Upon this he sent a 'Speech' to the Shawanese chiefs, couched in severe terms. Most of the chiefs being absent, the Prophet sent the following reply to Harrison :

“ ‘ Father !

“ ‘ I am very sorry that you listen to the advice of bad birds. You have impeached me with having corresponded with the British, and with calling and sending for the Indians from the most distant parts of the country, to listen to a fool that speaks not the words of the Great Spirit, but the words of the devil. Father ! these impeachments I deny, and say they are not true. I never had a word with the British, and I never sent for any Indians. They came here themselves, to listen and hear the words of the Great Spirit.

“ ‘ Father ! I wish you would not listen any more to the voice of bad birds ; and you may rest assured that it is the least of our idea to make disturbance, and we will rather try to stop such proceedings than encourage them.’

“ This was as false as it was artful. In May or

June, 1808, the Prophet took up his residence at *Tippecanoe*. Here, for two years, he continued secretly to foment jealousies and disturbances. At length, in the latter part of April, 1810, a trader, who had been for some time at the residence of the impostor, informed Governor Harrison that the Prophet had enlisted three hundred and fifty to four hundred men. About the middle of May, rumor magnified this force to six or eight hundred warriors, and the combination was said to have extended to several distant tribes.

“At length the intentions of the Prophet were fully ascertained, and the governor made preparation to meet the rising storm.

“In the mean time, Tecumseh and the Prophet continued to urge on the Indians in their hostile feelings. They encouraged them to steal horses, plunder houses, and murder females. The whole frontier became a scene of agitation and alarm.

“Orders, at length, came from the government to Governor Harrison to move towards Tippecanoe with an armed force—but ‘not to fight unless necessity required.’

“On the 28th of October the troops were put in motion from Fort Harrison, on the Wabash, about

sixty miles from Vincennes, the capital of Indiana. They consisted of three hundred and fifty United States soldiers, and five hundred and fifty volunteer militia, including a squadron of dragoons, and three companies of mounted riflemen.

“On the 5th of November they encamped within nine or ten miles of the Prophet’s town. On the morning following, the march continued, and at the distance of three or four miles, Indians began occasionally to be seen.

“When within three miles of the town, an officer was sent forward with a flag ; but, seeing a numerous party attempting to cut him off from the army, he returned. As the army approached still nearer, a counsellor of the Prophet, with two other Indians, came forth and demanded the reason of this hostile show. They stated that the Prophet wished for peace, and had sent a message to that effect by several chiefs, who had missed of meeting the governor.

“Upon this intelligence—whether true or false, the governor had no means of ascertaining—he consented to suspend hostilities, and a council was agreed upon for the following day.

“Governor Harrison, however, was on his guard.

He well knew the treachery of the Indian character, and least of all had he any confidence in the Prophet. Although unwilling to believe that a night attack would be hazarded, he ordered every preparation to be made. The troops rested in their clothes, with their muskets loaded by their sides, and their bayonets fixed. The officers had their swords and sabres within reach. The governor's horse was harnessed, and ready to be mounted.

"The night passed away without disturbance. At four in the morning, the governor and his aids had risen, and were engaged in conversation before the fire. The moon was shedding a dim light through the clouds which were floating over her face. Just as the signal was about being given to the troops to rouse from their slumbers, the sound of guns was heard at a short distance, and in a moment all was motion in the camp.

"The Indians had crept close to the sentinels, with an intention to leap upon and despatch them. Fortunately, one of the sentinels discovered an Indian creeping through the grass, and, levelling, killed him on the spot.

"This circumstance caused the Indians to spring forward, and round the soldiers, who in a few sec-

onds were ready for the charge. The yell was loud and terrific. The onset was desperate.

"Immediately, the night-fires of the Americans were extinguished, because they showed where the Americans were. The governor was on his horse, and passed rapidly along the line. He exhorted the soldiers, and bid them fight for their wives and their children.

"The troops, animated by his presence, met the charge with corresponding valor and enthusiasm; and soon after daylight the enemy were repulsed, and such as did not fall, took hasty shelter in the recesses of a neighboring swamp.

"The American force employed amounted to about eight hundred men. Sixty-one were killed, and about double that number were wounded. The governor narrowly escaped, having the hair of his head cut by a rifle ball, which passed through the rim of his hat. The number of Indians was estimated at eight hundred or one thousand. They left thirty-eight warriors dead upon the field, besides those whom they buried in the town, who were carried thither wounded, during the battle.

"Tecumseh was absent at the time of the battle, engaged in rousing the Indians at the south. The

Prophet, it is said, took no part in the engagement, but having taken a station on a neighboring eminence, employed himself in *singing a war song*.

“Thus ended the battle of Tippecanoe, in which Governor Harrison displayed the greatest energy, prudence, and sagacity. The legislature of Indiana approved his conduct in the highest terms. The assembly of Kentucky resolved, ‘that for his cool, deliberate, skilful, and gallant conduct in the battle of Tippecanoe, he deserved the thanks of the nation.’ President Madison, in a message to congress, said, ‘Congress will see with satisfaction the dauntless spirit and fortitude victoriously displayed by every description of troops engaged, as well as the collected firmness which distinguished their commander, on an occasion requiring the utmost exertion of valor and discipline.’

“I will only add,” observed Captain Miller, “that the day following was spent in taking care of the wounded, burying the dead, and fortifying the camp. The next day, the dragoons were ordered to reconnoitre the town. It was found entirely deserted. Whatever was considered useful to the army was removed, after which the torch was applied to the tents, and the whole reduced to ashes.

“Thus ended the celebrated battle of Tippecanoe, from which Governor Harrison acquired the title of ‘THE HERO OF TIPPECANOE.’

“On the 7th, the American troops struck their tents, and set forth on their return. The number of wounded was so great, that it was found necessary to employ every wagon to transport them. Consequently, the baggage of officers and men was obliged to be destroyed. General Harrison set the example, by ordering his own camp furniture to be burned. This done, the army proceeded on their march, and at length reached Vincennes, without further molestation.”



Storm scene in the woods.

CHAPTER VI.

A short chapter, in which Captain Miller relates some anecdotes about the "old Hero."

"I MUST pass over a good many particulars," said Captain Miller, as he resumed his narrative the next evening, "which would be interesting, had I time to relate them. But these you can read at another

time, in some biography of the 'old Hero.' My object is to narrate the most important incidents in his life, and to pass rapidly on."

Here turning to William, Captain Miller inquired, "Do you recollect when the last war with England was declared?"

"I believe in 1812," replied William, "but I do not recollect the month, nor the day."

"On the 8th of June of that year," said Captain Miller. "In this war, General Harrison was destined to act a conspicuous part. No man was of more service to his country. No general had a higher reputation for bravery, skill, and perseverance. He was the idol of the northwestern army. The soldiers had the most implicit confidence in him. They knew that if they were sick, he would see them taken care of; if wounded, they would not be left to suffer. If there was only a crust of bread, their general would share it with them. Where he led, they were ready to follow,—in rain, as well as in sunshine—through forests and swamps, as well as over the smooth and verdant prairie. His discipline was very strict, yet he always so contrived matters as to secure the goodwill and kind feelings of his soldiers. During all his command, it is said he never suffered a militia sol-

dier to receive a degrading punishment. Flogging the negligent was unknown, for none were negligent; and no shooting of deserters, for none deserted.

“The happy manner in which he sometimes managed may be illustrated by an occurrence which took place at Fort Defiance, a post on the Maumee not far from Lake Erie, soon after he took command of the northwestern army.

“It was late at night when he reached the fort. Soon after he had retired to rest, he was awakened by Colonel Allen and Major Hardin, who informed him that Allen’s regiment of Kentucky militia were in open mutiny, and resolved on going home. The reason assigned was, that they were exhausted by hardship, and disappointed in their expectation of an immediate engagement.

“General Harrison listened to the officers’ statement, and when they had concluded, he directed them to leave the management of the case to him. That night he issued no orders, and took no further notice of the subject, except to direct an *alarm* to be beat at four o’clock in the morning.

“At four, therefore, what was the surprise of the army, as they roused from their slumbers, to hear

the drums sounding an alarm. Instantly every soldier was equipped and ready for battle. The troops were ordered to form a hollow square.

"This done, General Harrison, mounted on his charger, rode up, and entered the square. The troops were surprised to see him. He had arrived in camp late the night before, and they were ignorant of the fact.

"They turned their eye upon him. Immediately he addressed them in his usual courteous manner—rendered solemn, however, by the deep grief which the mutiny had occasioned.

"He expressed his regret that dissatisfaction and discontent had appeared, and especially among those whom he had been accustomed to regard as devoted and self-denying patriots. The war and its hardships were before them. The quiet and comforts of home were not to be found in the fields and forests, in the storms and contests, through which they must wander, and which they must experience. If, then, any were disheartened, they had liberty to retire. Turning to the regiment in which the spirit of mutiny had appeared—"Brave Kentuckians!" said he, "is it you who are faint-hearted? You, in whose veins flows blood drawn from sires who

never cowered in the field of battle. How will those sires receive you? Will you fill your wives and daughters with shame?"

"In some such terms did the gallant and warm-hearted hero address them. The appeal was irresistible. At this moment, Colonel Scott, the senior Kentucky colonel, advanced and addressed his troops, — 'Come,' said he, 'fellow-soldiers, give the "Hero of Tippecanoe" three cheers, in token of your satisfaction, your patriotism, and determination to abide by his standard.' The voices of the soldiers in an instant broke forth into loud and long acclamations; and from that moment no murmur was heard in the camp of Harrison, nor a wish to return home expressed.

"The hardships of the 'soldiers were, however, by no means imaginary. The country was new. Storms were frequent. On the cold and damp ground the soldiers were often obliged to encamp by night, with scanty provisions, and those, too, of an inferior quality.

"The expedients of General Harrison to keep up the courage and good-humor of his troops, were often most happy. One instance must suffice. Hear-

ing that Fort Defiance was threatened with an attack from the British and Indians combined, he hastened to relieve it. On a certain night, the troops were halted at a late hour. The rain was falling in torrents. Not a tent could be pitched, the baggage not having arrived. For the same reason, no food could be procured; and only here and there a few dry sticks could be gathered with which to kindle a fire. Cold, wet, and hungry, the troops became uneasy and peevish. Harrison marked the rising storm, and, by a fortunate thought, he at once allayed it, and even diffused life and hilarity through the camp. Wrapped in his cloak, he was sitting by a dim fire, receiving the rain as it poured upon him, when suddenly turning to one of his officers—
‘Come,’ said he, ‘give us an Irish song.’

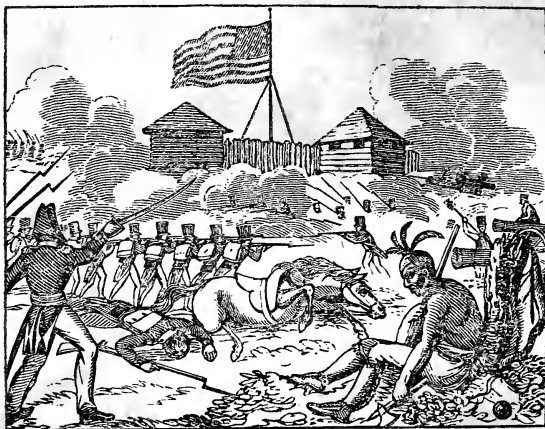
“The officer, taking the hint, struck up—

‘Now ’s the time for mirth and glee,
Sing, and laugh, and dance with me.’

“I do not know that the troops attempted to dance, according to this invitation,” said Captain Miller, “for had they, it must have been in rain and mire; but good-humor filled every heart, and smiles

brightened up every face. In after months, when similar troubles involved the troops, and any feelings of despondency were settling upon their spirits, it was quite sufficient to dispel such clouds to sing—

‘Now ’s the time for mirth and glee,
Sing, and laugh, and dance with me.’ ”



Siege of Fort Meigs.

CHAPTER VII.

Captain Miller tells about the siege of Fort Meigs, and the battle of the Thames.—Death of Tecumseh—Anecdotes.

“I HAVE this evening,” said Captain Miller, “to tell you of another bold achievement of our favorite general.

“On the south side of the Maumee, a river which flows into the west end of Lake Erie, at a place

called the *Rapids*, General Harrison erected a rude fort, which, in honor of Governor Meigs, of Ohio, was called *Camp Meigs*, or *Fort Meigs*. It was, however, strongly fortified.

“The erection of this fortification was by no means agreeable to the British, and an early plan was laid to capture and destroy it. On the 26th of April, 1813, a large party of British and Indians combined, made their appearance on the opposite side of the river. An attack now being expected, every effort was made to strengthen the place. Animated by the enthusiasm of their general, the soldiers worked with a zeal and perseverance perhaps never surpassed.

“On the evening of the 28th, the Indians were conveyed over the river in boats, and surrounded the fort in every direction.

“On the 29th, the siege began in good earnest, and all intercourse with other posts was cut off. During the preceding night the British had thrown up a mound, on which to plant their guns, and behind which they could secure themselves from the fire of the Americans.

“April 30th. Several of the Americans were this day wounded, and General Harrison himself, being

continually exposed, had several narrow escapes. On the following day the enemy fired two hundred and fifty-six times from their gun batteries. The Americans fired less rapidly, but with greater effect. A bullet struck the seat on which General Harrison was sitting, and at the same time a volunteer was wounded, as he stood directly opposite to him.

“In this manner several days passed, during which both parties were engaged in firing bombs and balls, not unfrequently causing the destruction of soldiers on both sides.

“It was now doubtful what would be the issue. The pride of the British, as well as their interest, demanded the destruction of this fort. They fought, therefore, with unwonted courage and perseverance.

“In the mean while, General Harrison and his soldiers displayed the utmost coolness and determination. They were resolved to surrender only when they could fight no longer—when ammunition failed, or food and water could no longer be obtained.

“At this critical juncture intelligence was received that General Clay, with twelve hundred men, was hastening to their relief. He was already but a few miles up the river, and rapidly approaching with his troops in boats. An officer was immediately de-

spatched, directing him to land one half of his force on the opposite side of the river, for the purpose of forcing the enemy's batteries and spiking his cannon.

"The gallant Colonel Dudley, who was despatched for this purpose, executed the order; but, unfortunately, his troops, elated with success, pursued the retreating enemy until, suddenly, a party of Indians under command of the celebrated Tecumseh, who were in ambush, rose upon them. The slaughter was terrible. The killed on the battle ground were horribly mutilated by the savage foe. The brave Colonel Dudley was among the number, and more than five hundred of his detachment were taken prisoners.

"The other part of General Clay's troops were more fortunate. They landed a short distance above the fort, and might have easily reached it; but, lured by a party of Indians, whom they wished to destroy, they proceeded into the woods, and had not General Harrison despatched a company of cavalry to cover their retreat, they also would have been cut off.

"While these movements were in progress, several brilliant and successful charges were made from the fort. The Americans seemed animated by

the success which must crown this enterprise, if they could hold out a short time longer.

“At length the British gave up the contest. Although they had made so great a number of prisoners, by the unfortunate management of Colonel Dudley, yet this did not aid them, in relation to the fort. Harrison would have maintained his post, had no assistance been rendered.

“The 8th of May brought an end to the toils of the Americans, in the fort of Camp Meigs. An exchange of prisoners took place, and on the morning of the 9th, the enemy commenced their retreat. Thus did Harrison sustain, in effect, a siege of twelve days, during which the enemy had fired eighteen hundred shells and cannon balls, besides keeping up an almost continual discharge of small-arms. The loss of each party was about equal.

“Few achievements during the war were more remarkable than this. The British and Indians were more than double—yes, probably, four times as many as were in the mud fort of Harrison. Not another British officer was more fierce and determined than Proctor, who commanded the siege. And here, also, was Tecumseh, the bold and sagacious Tecumseh, and several hundred Indians,

maddened and mortified by their defeat at Tippecanoe.

“It was surprising that Harrison’s courage and that of his soldiers should have so kept up, so risen with every succeeding day’s renewed and varied attack.

“Most wonderful,” continued Captain Miller, “is it, and most ungrateful, that there should be found an enemy who could accuse General Harrison of cowardice. But such a charge has been made in relation to his conduct at Fort Meigs. But it has been met as successfully as he then met the British, and such imputations and aspersions are on the retreat as rapidly as the enemy retreated on the morning of the 9th of May, 1813.

“I will here read you a speech of an old soldier, Mr. Pollock, who, hearing a young man in the Ohio legislature accusing General Harrison of cowardice, rose, and shaking his hoary locks, thus rebuked the slanders of the youth:—

“*Mr. Speaker*: I have listened to the debate, thus far, with much patience. I have heard abuse heaped upon General Harrison, by men who are comparatively young; and although I am unaccustomed to speech making, I hope the house will bear

with me for a few moments, for I shall not trouble it long. I shall not deal in generalities ; we have had too many of them already. Sir, I have heard members of this house charge General Harrison with cowardice, whom he defended and protected from the war knife and tomahawk of the Indian, when they were sleeping in their mothers' arms.

“Mr. Speaker, I know something of General Harrison, and something of his history, and something of his deeds. I know individuals who were with him in the battles of the Thames, Fort Meigs, and Fort Stephenson. I know, sir, that cannon balls, chainshot, and bombshells, flew thick around him in these battles. The gentleman from Clermont, (Mr. Buchanan,) said that General Harrison was not, during the battle of Fort Meigs, near enough to have the scales knocked off him. Well, sir, if he was not near enough to have the scales knocked off, he was near enough to have the scales and dirt knocked on to him by cannon balls. [Who saw it? asked some member.] I saw it, sir; I was in that battle. I saw a cannon ball strike within two feet of General Harrison during that fight. I was there. I saw bombshells and chainshot flying all around him. Horses were shot down under him.

I was also at the battle of Fort Stephenson. I saw General Harrison there, and he was in the hottest and hardest of the fight; and where balls flew thickest, and where steel blushed the fiercest, there would you find General Harrison. I speak what I know, and what my eyes have seen. General Harrison is not a coward; and those who call him a coward know nothing of him. He was a brave, prudent, and fearless general. He took the right course during the last war; he acted a noble part, and his country has honored him for it. Ask the soldiers who fought by his side; whose arms were nerved by his presence; whose hearts were cheered by his valor; and who were led to triumph and to victory by his courage, and bravery, and skill, if General Harrison was a coward; and they, sir, will tell you No!

“Sir, I have done. I only wished to give my testimony in favor of General Harrison, and to state what I have seen, in opposition to those who are ignorant of his character, and who know nothing of his bravery and skill.”

“The decisive victory thus obtained at Fort Meigs,” continued Captain Miller, “sent a thrill of joy through the land, almost equal to that which in

the revolution was awakened by the triumph of Saratoga. It dispelled the gloom which pervaded the nation. It turned the tide of war, and led directly to other splendid achievements, which, not long after, decided the contest on the northeastern frontier.

“Of these other achievements, I have time to notice but one—and that briefly—the ‘**BATTLE OF THE THAMES.**’

“The Thames is a river in Upper Canada, flowing into Lake St. Clair. On the 5th of October, a severe battle was fought near this river, between the Americans under General Harrison, and the British and Indians—the former led by General Proctor, and the latter by Tecumseh. The Americans were speedily and decisively victorious—making six hundred prisoners, and putting the rest of the enemy to flight. Here was the last struggle of the renowned Tecumseh. Disdaining to fly, while all were flying around him but his own nearest followers, he pressed eagerly into the heat of the contest, encouraging the savages by his voice, and plying the tomahawk with tremendous energy.

“But he fell—by whose hand it is not certainly known. The honor—if it may be called an honor—

was claimed by *Colonel Johnson*. But it was no ordinary man that there fell—savage that he was. Like Philip, of Mount Hope, at an earlier date, he was terrible in battle. His ruling maxim in war was to take no prisoners. He neither gave any quarter, nor accepted any. A writer remarks of him, ‘that his carriage was erect and lofty. His eloquence was nervous and concise. Habitually taciturn, his words were few, but always to the purpose.’

“It is an interesting fact that ‘the grave in which Tecumseh’s remains were deposited by the Indians after the return of the American army, is still visible near the borders of a willow marsh, on the north line of the battle ground, with a large fallen oak tree lying beside. The willow and wild rose are thick around it, but the mound itself is cleared of shrubbery, and is said to owe its good condition to the occasional visits of his countrymen. Thus repose, in solitude and silence, the ashes of the **INDIAN BONAPARTE**.’ In truth have they

‘Left him alone in his glory.’”

“Father,” inquired Andrew, “what became of the Prophet?”

“I know not his particular history after the battle

of Tippecanoe. Some author, I think, relates that he died only a few years since. After the above battle, he had very little influence, and I believe very little agency in the war. Both Tecumseh and the Prophet received an annual pension from the British government.

“Let us return a few moments to General Harrison.

“It was his practice—quite different from that of some commanders—to favor himself in nothing—but to share with his common soldiers their toils and deprivations. This greatly endeared him to them, and to this day, wherever a soldier is found, however humble, who followed the fortunes of General Harrison, he will be heard to extol him.

“A pleasant anecdote is related of him while in pursuit of General Proctor up the Thames. A single valise contained the whole of his baggage—while a blanket thrown over his saddle served him for a bed ; or rather the ground was his bed, and the blanket his only covering. Yet even this blanket he gave away to Colonel Evans, a British officer, who was wounded and a prisoner, because he needed it more than himself! Such humanity—such self-denial, is rare.

"The night following the battle of the Thames, thirty-four British officers, prisoners of war, supped with him. But the camp, especially after a battle, afforded little variety. Indeed, it is said that the general was able to give them only some fresh roasted beef, without bread, and without salt. The soldiers had the same—their fare was always like that of their general. Whatever luxuries he had, they had; and whatever hardships, difficulties, and dangers they encountered, he shared them with his troops. When the morning arrived, and their slumbers were broken up by the rattling drum, he was out and mounted on his horse. When the storm beat upon them, he breasted it himself. When they were dispirited, his cheerfulness wore away the gloom. When they were sick, or were wounded in the service of their country, he saw that their wants were supplied.

"Few commanders were ever more beloved, or more readily obeyed than General Harrison; and the secret of this affection and control lay in his uniform kindness. One instance of kindness must serve as a specimen of hundreds of others which might be related. A regiment was on the point of leaving Vincennes for the northwestern frontier.

At the moment of their departure, advancing towards them, he said—‘ If you ever come to Vincennes, you will always find a plate and knife and fork at my table ; and I can assure you that you will never find *the string to the latch of my door pulled in.*’ ”

“ Father,” inquired Jose, “ what is meant by a string to a latch ? I never saw a latch with a string to it.”

“ Formerly,” replied Captain Miller, “ the people had wooden latches, because such latches as we have were quite rare, or they were unable to purchase them. A string tied to a wooden latch was passed through a hole in the door. This string being pulled, raised the latch ; when drawn in, no one on the outside could open the door. In the western country, such latches are probably common in the ‘ log cabins,’ and perhaps at that time such a latch was on the door of the log cabin in which General Harrison lived.



De Wood Leg Soluiare, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

Captain Miller spends an evening in telling anecdotes about General Harrison.

"I HAD no intention, my children," Captain Miller remarked the succeeding evening, as he was taking his seat—"I had no intention when I began these notices of the 'Hero of Tippecanoe,' of ex-

tending them to so great a length. But the subject is fruitful, and the half has not yet been told.

"But I must not be tedious, and will therefore give the remaining history of the general in few words.

"In 1814, he resigned his commission in the army. This resignation was in consequence of arrangements made by the secretary of war, by which General Harrison was still to retain his commission, but not be employed in active service. To this he could not consent. He loved the excitement of the field. His patriotic spirit could then find grateful exercise only in conducting the soldiers whom he had trained into the field of action. As another, through the prejudice of the secretary, was appointed to do this, General Harrison retired from the army.

"Two years after, he was elected a member of congress, subsequently a member of the state senate of Ohio, and, in 1824, a senator of the United States. In 1828, President Adams appointed him minister to the republic of Colombia, in South America. In these various situations he proved himself most useful to his country, adding to his reputation as a statesman honors beyond those which he had acquired as a soldier.

"Returning at length to his country, he retired to

a farm at *North Bend*, on the banks of the Ohio, fifteen or twenty miles below Cincinnati. Here, contented with the honors acquired by years of patriotic devotion to his country, he has lived, employing himself in rural occupations, and at the same time gathering from the soil his support, which others, if not more selfish, yet more careful of their own interests, have secured from the emoluments of office."

"Do you mean, father," inquired William, "to say that General Harrison is poor?"

"I believe," replied Captain Miller, "that he is by no means rich. It has been stated, that for his services as commander of the expedition to Tippecanoe, he never asked and never received any compensation. As commander of the northwestern army, his expenses so far exceeded his pay, that subsequently he was obliged to sell a fine tract of land to meet them."

"Does General Harrison live in a log cabin?" asked Thomas.

"So it is reported—a log cabin, which, within a few years, has been covered and painted white. The house is large, with a noble lawn, large trees, and a fine view of the river. It is said to be plain, but extremely neat."

"You have not told us how General Harrison looks," observed Thomas.

"In person he is tall and slender. His eye is dark, and remarkable for its expression. No one could see him and not be convinced of his intelligence—no one can read the history of his life, and not be satisfied of the benevolence of his heart. In his manners he is plain, easy, and unostentatious. In disposition he is generous—in temper, mild and forbearing—strong in his attachments—forgiving towards his enemies."

Here, pausing and taking some papers from the table, Captain Miller observed, that he had marked several interesting anecdotes concerning the general, a few of which it will give you pleasure, I presume, to hear. Here is one entitled

"BOYS, DO YOU HEAR THAT?"

"Twenty-six years ago last autumn," said the gentleman who related the anecdote, "I was a boy attending school in a log cabin, with no other windows than the light afforded through the space of two logs, by the removal of a piece of the third, with greasy bits of paper pasted on as substitutes for

glass. The cabin, dedicated to learning, was situated in the outskirts of a now populous town in Pennsylvania. No state in the Union furnished more or better soldiers for the defence and protection of the northern frontier of Ohio, during the late war, than did Pennsylvania. Not a few of her sons were in the army surrendered by Hull; besides, numbers of her brave fellows were massacred and scalped at Winchester and Dudley's defeat. Still, the after call of General Harrison for more soldiers was answered by large numbers of Pennsylvanians, including several from our village. The departure of these brave fellows from their families and friends, was *then* viewed as a voluntary sacrifice of life for the defence of their country; and the 'farewell, God bless ye!' was uttered in a tone and feeling that sunk deep in the hearts of the bystanders, and which will never be effaced from my memory.

"In those days, our mails were few and uncertain; and it was only by the occasionally passing of a sick or disabled soldier returning home, that we heard from our army. Time hung heavy, and deep gloom overspread our country. The last news was, 'A battle is soon expected between the American army under General Harrison, and the British and

Indians under the bloodthirsty *Proctor* and *Tecumseh* !

"Days and weeks passed by, and yet nothing was heard from our army. The citizens eagerly hailed all strangers from the West, with the anxious inquiry of, 'Any news from General Harrison?' Such was the delay, doubt, and uncertainty, that it was generally feared, and by many believed, that Harrison and his army had, like those before him, been defeated and massacred.

"While I was sitting," said the gentleman, "at the *long low window* of our schoolhouse, and our Irish schoolmaster was busy in repeating our A B C to the smaller urchins, I suddenly heard the sound of a horn. I looked forth, and saw descending the hill, half a mile distant, the mail boy on a horse at full speed. At the foot of the hill, he crossed the bridge, and the rapid clatter of the iron hoof resounded throughout our cabin. Rising the hill near us, his horse at full speed, and reeking with sweat, he again sounded his shrill horn, and, when opposite our log cabin, he called out :

"**'HARRISON HAS WHIPPED THE BRITISH AND INDIANS !'**

"Our Irish tutor, with as true an *American* heart

as ever beat in a son of Erin, sprang from his seat as though he had been shot—his eyes flashing with fire, he screamed out :

‘BOYS, DO YOU HEAR THAT?’

“He caught his hat, darted out at the door, and followed the mail-boy at the top of his speed. The scholars were not a second behind him—the larger one taking the lead, and shouting ‘*Huzza for Harrison!*’ and the smaller ones running after, halloing and screaming with fright!

“The people of our village hearing the confusion, and seeing the mail-boy and horse at full run, followed by the schoolmaster at the top of his speed, and his whole school screaming—shouting and screaming—knew not what to make of it. The mechanic left his shop—the merchant his store—and the women stretched their necks out at the windows, while consternation and dismay were depicted on every countenance. The mail arriving at the office, the carrier rose in his stirrups, and exclaimed, at the same time whirling his hat in the air :

“‘HUZZA FOR HARRISON! HE HAS WHIPPED THE BRITISH AND INDIANS!’

‘BOYS, DO YOU HEAR THAT?’

“A universal shout of joy involuntarily burst

forth—bonfires were kindled in the streets—and our village was illuminated at night.”

HARRISON AND THE ASSASSIN.

“I have related the particulars of the battle of Tippecanoe. One incident I have reserved for the present time. The evening before the battle, a negro was seen to enter the American camp, and cautiously steal towards the general’s marquee. His conduct was so suspicious that he was arrested, and at the time of the action was a prisoner in the camp. After the battle a court-martial was ordered, of which Colonel Boyd was appointed president.

“On the trial, it was proved that he had deserted from the American camp, and that, instigated by the Indians, he had returned with the intention of murdering the governor while asleep. With this guilt upon him, he was sentenced to suffer death within an hour. But General Harrison, after he had approved the sentence, was reluctant to give the fatal order.

“‘If he had been out of my sight,’ said General Harrison, when afterwards relating the circumstance, ‘he would have been executed; but when he was

first taken, General WELLS and Colonel OWEN, who were old Indian fighters, as we had no irons to put on him, had secured him after the Indian fashion. This is done by throwing a person on his back, splitting a log and cutting notches in it to receive the ankles; then replacing the several parts, and compressing them together with forks driven over the log into the ground. The arms are extended and tied to stakes secured in the same manner. The situation of a person thus placed, is as uneasy as can possibly be conceived. The poor wretch thus confined, lay before my fire, his face receiving the rain that occasionally fell, and his eyes constantly turned upon me, as if imploring mercy. I could not withstand the appeal, and I determined to give him another chance for his life. I had all the commissioned officers assembled, and told them that his fate depended on them. Some were for executing him, and I believe a majority would have been against him, but for the interference of the gallant SNELLING. 'Brave comrades!' said he, 'let us save him. The wretch deserves to die, but as our commander, whose life was more particularly his object, is willing to spare him, let us also forgive him. I hope, at least, that every officer of the fourth regiment will be on

the side of mercy.' SNELLING prevailed, and BEN was discharged."

THE OLD SOLDIER.

"I was dining with General Harrison in the spring of 1839," said a gentleman, "and while in the midst of our repast, a loud knock was heard at the door. My host rose from the table, excused himself, and went to the door to see who it was that was so desirous of admittance. After a parley of some moments with a person who spoke in a rough tone of voice, the general ushered into the room a very old man, whose worn-out and tattered garments bespoke great distress and poverty.

"'Mr. ——,' said Gen. Harrison, 'this is one of my old soldiers, and I have invited him in to dine with us. He was with me in the sortie of Fort Meigs and at the Thames. I remember his bravery well. These are the men whom we must honor. Take that seat, George.'

"George, for that was the old soldier's name," continued our friend, "sat down and soon gave us cause to know that a good dinner and he had been strangers for many a long day. The old fellow's

feelings became enlivened by the good things he had partaken of, and a glass or two of whiskey and water, and for nearly two hours, did the general and he fight their battles over again. Towards evening, the general took me aside and asked me to join with him in the charity he was about to bestow. I cheerfully consented. The general went to his bedroom, and in a few moments returned with a new black coat.

“ ‘George,’ said the hero, ‘this is the only coat I have except the threadbare one on my back. Take it, and while it protects you from the inclement winds of our cold spring, remember, that had your old general his way, every old soldier in the country should not know what want was the rest of his days.’

“I added my mite to George’s empty purse, and gave him ‘silver’ enough to carry him home into the interior of Ohio—for he had been to New Orleans on a flat-boat and was now on his return.”

“ ‘You will take this note,’ said the General, ‘and when you get to Cincinnati, call on Mr. M—: give him this, and he will further aid you. I am like yourself, George, poor, and have to labor for my living, after long toil and hard work in the service

of my country, but we poor soldiers enjoy at least the proud consciousness of having done our duty.'

"After some further conversation, George departed, thanking his old general from his heart. This little circumstance turned the conversation between the general and myself upon the hardships of the last war, the faithfulness of his troops, and the true policy that the government ought to pursue to its surviving defenders. This anecdote, however, will serve to show you the kind-hearted goodness of the old general, and it proves that if he is elected president, he will be the president of the people—accessible to all."

HARRISON'S KINDNESS TO AN IRISHMAN.

An Irishman by the name of John Hanley emigrated a few years since to Cincinnati, Ohio, with his young wife. He had married her contrary to the wishes of her father, which was the cause of his leaving his country.

On his arrival in Cincinnati, he opened a small store, by means of which he was able to support himself and wife. At length intelligence reached him that his father in Ireland was dead, and had left

him a handsome share of his property. Upon this, he immediately sold his effects, and with his wife embarked for his native country. But on reaching the place of his birth, what was his disappointment to find that the whole sum left him was only five pounds!

No sooner had he learned what unkindness had been practised by his father, than, raising a small sum, he again returned to Cincinnati. His wife being an accomplished woman, endeavored to aid her husband by giving lessons in music.

The story of their disappointment reached the ears of General Harrison. He felt interested in them, as he has ever been interested in the sorrows and trials of the unfortunate. Just at that time, there was a clerkship in his office vacant. It was worth five hundred dollars a year. Many personal friends of General Harrison solicited it of him in behalf of their sons. But he refused them all, and gave the place to Hanley, the poor young Irishman.

Hanley's gratitude cannot well be imagined. He entered upon his duties, and while health lasted, he was contented and happy. But he fell sick, and for the last six months of his life he was unable to perform the duties of his station. But mark the kindness of

Harrison. He contrived to have the duties performed—and Hanley or his wife was paid to the day of his death.

Such kindness is as beautiful as it is rare. A heart in which such sympathy dwells, is not likely to lose its generous tendencies, whatever honors or offices are bestowed upon its possessor. How desirable to have such a man at the head of the nation, rather than one who has little more sensibility to the woes of others than marble—and can no more sympathize with the sons and daughters of misfortune than an iceberg!

“DE WOOD LEG SOLDIARE.”

“Are you personally acquainted with General Harrison?” asked an American of a French traveler.

“Begare, sare,” replied the Frenchman, “I have de grand satisfactiiong to have the plaisare, sare, to have de grand introductiong, sare, to the brave hero and citizen. I make you introductiong, sare, to this gentilhomme, who will tell de grand story of de old shenerall, and de wood leg soldiare. It is ver good.”

This appeal was made to a respectable-looking gentleman—a clergyman—who remarked that it would give him pleasure to tell the story.

He related as follows :

It was in the year 1820, if my memory is correct, that I was travelling in Ohio with a view of purchasing a tract of land for my son, when I fell in with a gentleman who was a stranger, and whom I found a very intelligent and agreeable companion. A thunder storm drove us into a neat log cabin, a little distance from the road-side, for shelter, where we found a house full of children, a sick and very interesting-looking woman lying on an humble but clean-looking bed, and a young, pretty maiden sitting near. The husband and father, with a wooden leg, and a deep scar across his brow, was bending over the bed and pressing the hand of the sick woman between both of his. His eyes were intently fixed on a young infant, apparently a few months old. The whole group had been indulging in tears, and I saw one stealing from the dazzling eyes of the young damsel, as she sat listening apparently to some tale of woe which her father told. Their tears were suddenly wiped away as we approached, and were given a cordial welcome.

"You seem to be in distress," said the stranger, my companion.

"I have faced the enemies of my country," said the host, as he swung his wooden leg round to close the door, "and I have felt all the pangs and privations of a military life, but all this was nothing compared with what I have suffered to-day."

Stranger. Pardon me if I ask the cause ; for I will relieve you if it lies in my power.

Host. My wife is afflicted with an internal disease, which renders it dangerous to move her ; yet, for a debt which I cannot immediately raise, the man who is agent for another, declares that if I do not pay it before to-morrow at twelve o'clock, he will seize what little I possess, and turn us all out to the mercy of the elements. I can neither raise the sum by that time, nor obtain a shelter for my poor wife and children, who must perish to gratify the malice of a man whose heart is a stranger to mercy.

The whole family melted into tears as he concluded, and even the soldier himself, who had faced the cannon's mouth, could not refrain from weeping.

Stranger. You have fought the battles of the country ? May I be inquisitive in asking——

Host. Oh! yes, I fought under the brave Harrison at the Thames, and in other battles. I speak of him with pride, for I have seen his sword glittering in the thickest of the fight.

Stranger. Would you know him were you to see him?

Host, (gazing in his face.) You resemble him very much. Were he to know my sufferings, he would instantly assist me. I have seen him do several generous deeds.

Stranger. Where did you lose your leg?

Host. It was shattered by a ball at the glorious battle of Tippecanoe.

Stranger. Well, my brave fellow, make your mind easy; a hair of your head shall not be injured. You now see your general before you, and as you have fought for me and your country, I will now protect you and your family at the risk of my life.

A sudden blaze of joy seemed to run from heart to heart; the soldier clasped General Harrison in his arms, while the children pressed his hand with affection.

"We shall be saved from ruin," cried the pale wife.

The general found the owner of the piece of land on which the soldier lived, and never rested until he

made the poor fellow a right to it. He also discharged the debt, and a happier family I never beheld.

HARRISON AND THE METHODIST MINISTER.

General Harrison was sitting one summer evening at the door of his "log cabin." It had been an intensely warm day, and here he was sitting with the hope of getting cool after the labors of the day, when a man approached and solicited a shelter for the night.

The jaded appearance of the steed, and the soiled garments of the rider, proclaimed the fatigue of the day, and with his usual courtesy, the old general welcomed the stranger. After a plain and substantial supper, the guest joined with his host in social conversation; and the latter, laying aside the character of the soldier and statesman, willingly listened to the pious instruction of the traveller, whom he discovered to be a minister of the gospel.

They retired to rest, the good old soldier thankful to a munificent Providence that he was enabled to administer to the wants of a fellow-creature, and the worthy minister of Christ, invoking the blessing of heaven upon the head of his kind benefactor.

Morning came, and the minister prepared to depart. He was in the act of taking leave, when he was informed that his horse had died during the night. The loss, however severe, considering that he had yet two hundred miles to travel, did not discourage him in the exercise of his duty ; but taking his saddle-bags on his arm, he rose to depart, with thanks for the kindness of his entertainer. The old general did not attempt to detain him, though he offered his condolence upon the loss ; but an observing eye could have detected a smile of inward satisfaction, which the consciousness of doing good alone produces. The guest reached the door, and to his astonishment, found one of the general's horses, accoutred with his own saddle and bridle, in waiting for him. He returned and remonstrated, stating his inability to pay for it, and that in all probability he should never again visit that section of the country. But the general was inexorable, and reminded the astonished divine that "he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord"—sent him on his way, his heart overflowing with gratitude, and his prayers directed to heaven for blessings on the venerable hero.



Harrison elected by Captain Miller's family.

CHAPTER IX.

The "Hero of Tippecanoe" elected president by Captain Miller and his family.

At the conclusion of the anecdotes the evening before, as it was late, the children retired without learning whether their father intended to gratify them with any further account of the "old hero."

At breakfast, therefore, the inquiry was made with some solicitude.

"You have been pleased, then, my children, with the manner in which we have spent some evenings past?"

"Very agreeably," said one. "Highly," said another. "I hope you have not finished," said Thomas.

"Let us hear what Jose wishes," said Captain Miller.

"I'm sure I love to hear stories," said Jose; "but you haven't told us certainly whether General Harrison is to be the next president."

"That is more than I know," said Captain Miller, "but I think he will, and every day confirms me in the opinion. But I design to spend one evening more in talking on this subject, and then we will wait patiently till the question is settled."

The family here separated for the day. The sons were soon at school—Mrs. Miller engaged in her usual domestic avocations—and the captain abroad on business in a neighboring town.

I will not say that the day was a long one to the children, but they appeared quite pleased, when, tea being finished, and the table occupying its usual place, they gathered once more to listen to their father.

“The remarks which I am about to make to you this evening, my children,” Captain Miller began, “are rather of a grave character; but as they are connected with the ‘old hero,’ and the welfare of the country, you will find them, I hope, interesting.

“We are now on the eve of a new presidential election. In a few months the states will vote for electors of president and vice-president. Each state chooses as many electors as it sends representatives to congress. The electors meet in the several states, and give their votes. These votes are sealed up, and sent to Washington, where, in the month of February, they are opened in the presence of congress, and the candidate who has the majority of all the votes is declared to be president of the United States for four years.

“The candidate who shall be elected next autumn, will take his oath of office on the 4th day of March, 1841.

“The office of president of the United States is a high and honorable office. The salary attached to it is greater than that of any other office in the government; and the influence of the president is greater, perhaps, than that of any other man. The na-

tion provides a large and splendid house for him, and furnishes it with elegant and costly furniture.

“The people take a deep interest in the question, ‘Who will be president?’ Such an interest they ought to feel. The Bible says, ‘When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn.’

“Rulers have great influence. The president of the United States, from his station and power, can accomplish good or evil for the nation. If he be a wise, a prudent, and a good man—one who loves the happiness and welfare of the people more than his private interest—the nation will be happy and prosperous. Business will thrive. Industry will be encouraged. Men will find employment; they will be able to support their families. Children will have good clothes and good food. There will be schools, and the means of paying teachers.

“On the other hand, if a selfish and ambitious man is made president, he will regard his own interests more than those of the people. His ends must be served. His ambitious views must be carried out. No matter whether the country is prosperous—no matter whether business thrives—whether the laborer gets good wages, or children are well fed or

well educated. These are considerations of small moment with a selfish and wicked president. His object is attained, if he can retain his office—get his twenty-five thousand dollars a year—be praised and flattered—ride in his splendid coach with fine horses, and eat his good dinners on gold or silver plate. When such a man rules, the people *do mourn*.

“No wonder, then, that the people of the United States feel a deep interest in the question, ‘Who is to be president?’ Every man, woman, and child has such an interest, as the manner in which he administers the government may affect generations unborn. While, then, no one should use unlawful means to prevent the election of any candidate, every one is justified, and even bound by duty, to exert his influence in all lawful and honorable ways to secure the election of the man who will look well to the good of the country, and who will take care of the *poor* as well as the *rich*, and of children as well as of persons who have attained to manhood. This is my creed, and the true creed, I believe, of the real patriot.

“Since the year 1789, we have had eight different presidents—George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John

Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, and Martin Van Buren, who is president at this time. Until within a few years, we have been a prosperous and happy people—no nation more so; but in 1829, or soon after, a great change came over the country. In that year, Andrew Jackson entered upon the presidency. He promised to administer the government so that the prosperity of the people should continue; but whether he was unable, or self-willed, or from some other cause, the prosperity of the country began to decline. He entered upon *new experiments*, which failed, and left the money matters of the country in great derangement and confusion.

“Mr. Van Buren has managed as badly, and even worse than President Jackson. He said that he would follow his measures, and he has done so. General Jackson turned the ship of state out of her course, and Mr. Van Buren has kept on. He has been admonished of danger—been told by several good old pilots, that he would run the ship aground, or drive her on breakers, where she would be shipwrecked. But he has seemed to fear no evil, and to listen to no counsel.

“Thus the country suffers. Business is nearly suspended—confidence is destroyed. Thousands, who

were rich, have become poor, and the poor are begging. If affairs long continue as they now are, I hope, my children, that I shall be able to procure you *bread*, but the *comforts* which you have enjoyed must be diminished. I cannot pay for books—I cannot educate you.

“It is so now, or will soon be so, with thousands in all the land.

“What shall be done? One expedient remains: we must alter the course of the ship. If Mr. Van Buren is re-elected, he tells us he will not alter it, but will still follow in the ‘*steps of his illustrious predecessor.*’

“If we would change, then, our course, we must change our captain, or commander. General Harrison, the ‘Hero of Tippecanoe’—the plain, honest, but intelligent, straight-forward, good old-fashioned farmer of Ohio, is recommended as *the man*. He is a man—an *honest* man, ‘the noblest work of God’—and he is *the* man who comes recommended from all quarters of the land. The spirit of reform is abroad in the nation. ‘The *people* are coming.’ If I live,” said Captain Miller, “till the time of voting, I will vote for GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.”

“I wish I could vote, father,” said William.

"I wish so too," said Captain Miller. "Were it right, I would wish to see all my boys at the ballot-box."

"Some doubt, I suppose," said William, "how *Andrew* would vote."

"I would vote with a good conscience," said Andrew, "or not vote at all."

"It has just occurred to me," said Captain Miller, "that there can be no harm in taking the question here to-night, 'Who shall be president?'"

"Will our vote decide who will be president?" asked Jose.

"It will decide whom *we wish should be*."

"I like the plan well," said William. "As William Henry Harrison is a prominent candidate, and that is my name, who can tell but that I may be run in president this very evening."

"Well," said Captain Miller, "you may prepare your votes."

"I don't know how," said Jose; "I cannot write."

"Well, Jose," said Captain Miller, "there are thousands who vote for president, who can neither *read*, *write*, nor *spell*—nor *scarcely think*. You must get some one to write for you."

"Well, I'll get *mother* to write me a vote. *Mother*, will you?"

"It is not often," said Mrs. Miller, "that *ladies* write votes; but I will oblige you. Come and whisper the name you wish me to write."

Jose whispered, and Mrs. Miller laughed outright.

"Why, ladies don't *vote*, my son," said his mother.

"What is that?" inquired Captain Miller. "Surely, we must all be pleased to know what pleases mother so much."

"Why, Jose wishes me," said Mrs. Miller, "to write the same name for him that I do for myself."

"Good, my son," said Captain Miller; "that is a capital thought. We must have your mother's vote also."

"Well," said Andrew, "I am agreed. I presume mother will vote for *Mr. Van Buren*, as he is quite a *lady's man*."

"Andrew," said Mrs. Miller, "your mother would wish that a president of the United States should be a *gentleman*; but something more is requisite to govern a people well, than to know how to *bow* and *simper* in a *drawing-room*."

"Ah!" said Andrew, "I see how all the world are

going. If the *ladies* are opposed to Mr. Van Buren, there is little chance for the re-election of my successor."

"Come, prepare your votes," said Captain Miller. "I am quite impatient to have the question settled."

"Mother," said Jose, "won't you vote?"

"I have prepared two votes," said Mrs. Miller. "Perhaps, however, you would prefer that your father should write one for you."

"I guess father and mother will vote for the same candidate," said Jose; "for I have heard you say, that husband and wife must pull at the same end of the rope."

"Quite smart, Jose, and quite true," said Captain Miller. "Are we all ready? Come, Jose, you hand round the *ballot-box*."

"We haven't any ballot-box," said Jose.

"Well, take that little basket. Don't put in *two* votes—one vote *each*."

"Here, Jose, hand it to your mother first," said Captain Miller.

"To your father next," said Mrs. Miller.

"There, now bring the basket to me. Have all voted?"

"No," said Jose, "I haven't put my vote in."

"Well, hand in your vote, as they say at the electors' meeting. All in? all voted? the box—I mean the *basket*—is ready to be closed. One minute more—only one. *The box is closed.*"

"Now let us count. The first vote is for William Henry Harrison; the second, William Henry Harrison; the third, the same; the fourth, the same; the fifth, same; the sixth—"

Captain Miller paused. "The sixth—"

"Ah!" said William, "that's *Andrew's* vote—for whom is it?"

"You are not certain that it is Andrew's—it may be your mother's."

"Well, for whom is it, father? Pray, let us know."

"The sixth is for—for—for—*William Henry Harrison!*"

"Good! good!" exclaimed Thomas.

"Yes, good it is—good enough," said Captain Miller. "I hope the autumnal election will tell as well as ours has to-night."

"I wish the ladies might *all* vote," said Jose, "mother has voted so well."

"I suspect, my son," said Mrs. Miller, "if the *ladies* had a voice in the matter, they would vote for

some one who would so manage that their husbands and children should have *food* and *clothing*."

"Good times after this, mother!" said William. "Under *my administration* I hope you will have food and clothes both, and in abundance. Brother Andrew, I thank you for your vote."

"Why," said Andrew, "you know I could not well vote for myself, Billy; and as to *my successor* in office, he hasn't managed as well as I expected, and I myself begin to think he may, with advantage to the country, return to *Kinderhook*."

"I hope he may," said Captain Miller, "most sincerely I do—and that *his* successor may be

'The iron-hearted soldier, the true-hearted soldier,
The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe!'

THE END.

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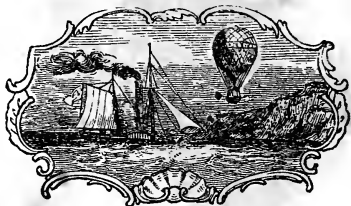
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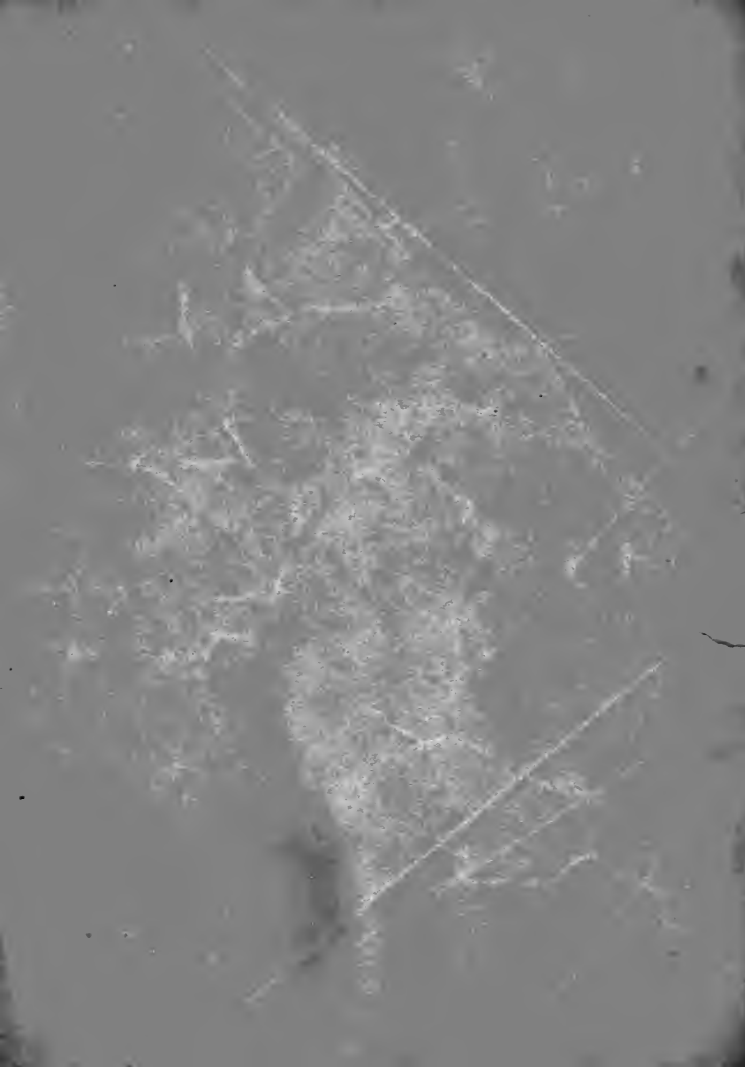
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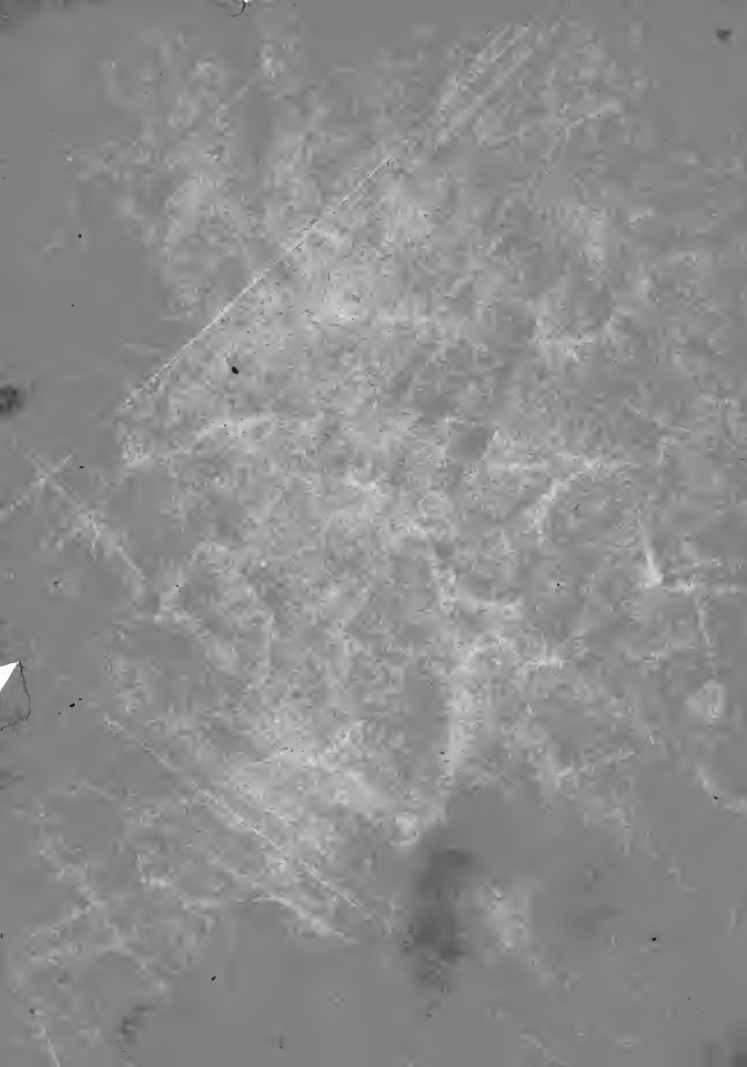


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